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OLD-COUNTRY BALLADS IN MISSOURI. — II.

CHILD 74. — *Fair Margaret and Sweet William.*

SWEET WILLIAM AND LADY MARGARET.

Taken down by Miss Williams, from a woman who "says she learned it years ago, but saw it in print about five years ago." Some words and parts of lines Miss W. failed to get or could make no sense of.

Sweet William he rose one morning in June,  
And dressed himself in blue ;  
"Come tell me of that long love lay  
Between Lady Margaret and you."

"I know nothing of that long love lay  
Between Lady Margaret and me,  
But to-morrow morning before eight o'clock  
Lady Margaret my new bride shall see."

Sweet William he rode to Lady Margaret's hall  
With his new bride all so gay,  
And he saw Lady Margaret in the midst of her hall  
A-combing of her hair.

She laid down her . . . comb,  
And she wrapped her hair in silk ;  
And out of her door went this lady gay,  
Never to return again.

When day was past and night came on  
And all mankind was asleep,  
Lady Margaret went to sweet William's hall  
And stood at his bed's feet.

"Oh, how do you like your bed ? " said she,  
"And how do you like your sheet ?  
And how do you like that lady gay  
That lies by your side asleep ! "

"Very well I like my bed," said he,  
"And well I like my sheet,  
But better of all I like that lady gay  
That stands at my bed's feet."

When night was passed and day came on  
And all mankind was awake,  
Sweet William said he was troubled in his head  
Of the dreams he dreamt last night.

"Such dreams, such dreams I do not like,  
 Such dreams they are not good.  
 I dreamt my hall was full of white swine,  
 My bed was swimming in blood."

Oh, then he called his merry maids all,  
 By one, by two, by three ;  
 And the last of them all he called his new bride :  
 "Lady Margaret may I go and see?"

"Oh, if Lady Margaret you go and see,  
 Pray what will become of me?"  
 "It's first Lady Margaret I'll go and see,  
 And then I'll return to thee."

Sweet William he rode to Lady Margaret,  
 Tingling full out to tell (?)  
 There was none so ready as her seven brothers  
 To rise and let him in.

"Oh, is Lady Margaret in her kitchen,  
 Or is she in her hall?  
 Or is she in her upper chamber  
 Among her merry maids all?"

"Lady Margaret is not in her kitchen,  
 Nor is she in her hall,  
 But yonder she lies in her cold coffin  
 Behind yonder wall."

"Fold back, fold back those flowing white sheets,  
 . . . . . me now decline ;  
 For to-day they hang round Lady Margaret's corpse  
 And to-morrow they shall hang around mine."

Lady Margaret was buried in the new churchyard,  
 Sweet William was buried by her ;  
 And out of her heart there sprang a red rose,  
 And out of his a briar.

They grew and they grew by the old church wall  
 Till they could not grow any higher ;  
 They lapped and they tied in a true-lovers' knot,  
 The red rose and the briar.

CHILD 75. — *Lord Lovel.*

(a) LORD LOVEL AND LADY NANCY.

Collected by Miss Williams, from a woman in Clinton County who learned it from a hired man in Kentucky.

Lord Lovel stood at his castle gate  
A-combing down his milk-white steed :  
Lady Nancy Bell came riding by  
To wish her lover good speed, speed, speed,  
To wish her lover good speed.  
(Repeat so in each stanza.)

“Where are you going, Lord Lovel?” she said,  
“Where are you going?” said she.  
“I’m going to travel this wide world round,  
Strange countries for to see.”

“When will you be back, Lord Lovel?” she said,  
“When will you be back?” said she.  
“In a year or two, or three at the most,  
I’ll return to my Lady Nancy.”

He had been gone but a year and a day,  
Strange countries for to see,  
When languishing thoughts came into his mind  
All about his Lady Nancy.

He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed  
Till he came to London town ;  
But when he came to his native city  
He found the people mourning round.

“What is the matter?” Lord Lovel he said,  
“What is the matter?” said he.  
“A loved lady is dead,” the people all said,  
“Some called her the Lady Nancy.”

He ordered her grave to be opened wide,  
Her shroud to be turned down,  
And then he kissed her clay-cold cheeks  
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it were to-day,  
Lord Lovel he died to-morrow ;  
Lady Nancy was laid in St. Peter’s churchyard,  
Lord Lovel was laid in the choir.

And there they laid for many a year,  
 And there they laid, these two ;  
 And out of her breast there grew a red rose,  
 And out of his a briar.

They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,  
 Till they could grow no higher,  
 And there they twined in a true-love knot  
 For all true lovers to admire, mire, mire,  
 For all true lovers to admire.

## (b) LADY NANCY BELL.

From James Ashby's MS. ballad-book, where it is dated January 26, 1872. Spelling, etc., standardized as in 10 (c).

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle gate  
 A-combing his milk-white steed,  
 When up came Lady Nancy Bell  
 To wish her lover good speed. (Repeat as in (a).)

"Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,  
 "Oh, where are you going?" said she.  
 "I'm going, my Lady Nancy Bell,  
 Strange countries for to see."

"Oh, when will you be back, Lord Lovel?" said she,  
 "Oh, when will you be back?" said she.  
 "In a year or two, or three at the most,  
 I'll return to my fair Nancy."

He had n't been gone but a year and a day,  
 Strange countries for to see,  
 Till a laughing thought came into his head,  
 Lady Nancy he'd go see.

He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed  
 Till he came to London town,  
 And there he heard St. Patrick's bells  
 And the people all mourning around.

"Oh, what is the matter?" Lord Lovel said he,  
 "Oh, what is the matter?" said he.  
 "The lady is dead," the woman replied,  
 "Some called her Lady Nancy."

He ordered the coffin to be opened wide  
 And the shroud to be turned down,

And there he kissed her clay-cold lips  
Till the tears came trickling down.

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,  
Lord Lovel he died to-morrow ;  
Lady Nancy she died of pure, pure grief,  
Lord Lovel he died from sorrow.

Lady Nancy was buried in St. Patrick's church,  
Lord Lovel was buried in the choir ;  
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,  
And out of her lover's a briar.

It grew and it grew to the church steeple top,  
And then it could grow no higher ;  
And there it entwined in a true-lovers' knot  
For all true lovers to admire.

CHILD 84. — *Barbara Allen.*

(a) BARBARA ALLEN.

Taken down by Mr. Johnson in Tuscumbia from the singing of the fiddler Waters.

In Scotland I was born and raised,  
And Scotland is my dwelling ;  
I fell in love with a pretty little maid,  
And her name was Barbara Allen.

I sent my servant to my father's house,  
So if there should be Barbara Allen.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

So slowly, slowly she rose up,  
So slowly, slowly she started ;  
And the only word that she could say was  
" Young man, I believe you are dying."

" Yes, I am sick, and very sick,  
And death is on me dwelling ;  
And no better will I ever be  
If I don't get Barbara Allen."

" Yes, you are sick, and very sick,  
And death is on you dwelling ;  
And no better will you ever be,  
For you won't get Barbara Allen.

"Do you remember the other day  
Down yonder at the tavern,  
You drunk your wine with the ladies round  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"<sup>1</sup>

"Yes, I remember the other day,  
Down yonder at the tavern,  
I drunk my wine with the ladies round ;  
But I love my Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,  
He bursted out to crying ;  
He bid the ladies all adieu,  
Farewell to Barbara Allen.

She had not gone but a few miles away  
Till she heard his death-bell ringing ;  
It rang so loud, it toned so plain :  
" Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

She looked to the east, she looked to the west,  
She saw his cold corpse coming ;  
Saying, " I might have saved the life of one  
If I had a done my duty.

" O mother, O mother, oh make my bed,  
Oh make it long and narrow ;  
For Sweet William died for the love of me,  
And I will die for sorrow."

Sweet William died on Saturday,  
Barbara died on Sunday ;  
The good old mother, for the love of both,  
She died on the next Monday.

From sweet William's grave a blood-red rose,  
From Barbara's grave a briar —  
They grew till they grew fully four feet high,  
They could not grow no longer.

They linked, they tied in a true-lover knot,  
For all true lovers to admire.

<sup>1</sup> When Waters sang this a bystander named Crismon gave another version : —

" O Willie, O Willie, don't you know,  
When we 's down at the grocery drinkin',  
You drank the health to the ladies all  
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

(b) BARBERY ALLEN.

Sung and written down by Stella Cotton, Miller County, and sent in by Mr. Johnson.

It was early in the month of May,  
The rosebuds they were swelling ;  
Little Jimmy Grooves on his deathbed lay  
For the love of Barbery Allen.

He sent his servant into the town  
Where she 'd been lately dwelling,  
Saying, " Bring to me those beautiful cheeks,  
If her name be Barbery Allen."

So he arose and he left the room  
Where she 'd been lately dwelling,  
Saying, " You 've been called upon this eve,  
If your name be Barbery Allen."

Then she arose and went to the room  
Where Jimmy was a-lying,  
And these were the words she seemed to say :  
" Young man, I think you 're dying."

" That 's so, that 's so, my love," said he,  
" I 'm in a low condition ;  
One-kiss from you would comfort me  
If your name be Barbery Allen."

" One kiss from me you 'll never receive  
Although you are a-dying : "  
And every tongue did seem to say  
" Hard-hearted Barbery Allen."

" Oh, don't you remember a long time ago,  
Way down in yonder tavern,  
Where you drank your health to the ladies all,  
But you slighted Barbery Allen ? "

" Yes, I remember a long time ago,  
Way down in yonder tavern,  
Where I drank my health to the ladies all ;  
But my love was to Barbery Allen."

She had not gone more than half a mile  
Till she saw the corpse a-coming ;  
Saying, " Lay those corpse before my eyes  
That I may look upon them."



The more she looked the more she wept,  
 Till she burst out a-crying ;  
 And then she kissed those tear cold cheeks  
 That she refused when dying.

"O mamma, mamma, go make my bed,  
 Go make it long and narrow ;  
 Little Jimmy Grooves has died of love,  
 And I will die of sorrow.

"O mamma, mamma, go make my bed,  
 Go make it long and narrow ;  
 Little Jimmy Grooves has died to-day,  
 And I will die to-morrow."

Little Jimmy was buried in the new churchyard  
 And Barbery close beside him,  
 And out of his grave grew a red rose  
 And out of hers a briar.

They grew and grew to the old church top  
 Till they could grow no higher,  
 And they both were tied in a true-lovers' knot,  
 The red rose and the briar.

(c) BARBARA ALLEN.

A fragment contributed by Miss Ethel Lowry, whose aunt used to sing it. The aunt lived in Indiana.

"O mother, mother, make my bed,  
 For I shall die to-morrow.  
 Young James he died for love, true love,  
 And I shall die for sorrow."

Young James was buried in the old churchyard  
 But Barbara in the mire,  
 And from his breast there sprang a rose,  
 From hers there sprang a briar.

They ran up to the old church steeple top,  
 And they could not run any higher,  
 And there they tied in a true-lover's knot,  
 But the rose outran the briar.

(d) No title. Collected by Miss Williams. "Sung by an old lady in Clinton County who learned it when a girl. It was then a common neighborhood song."

It fell about on Martinmas day,  
 When the green leaves were a-falling,

Sir James Graham of a west country town  
Fell in love with Barbara Allen.

Oh she was a fair and comely maid,  
A maid nigh to his dwelling,  
Which made him to admire the more  
The beauty of Barbara Allen.

Oh it fell out upon a day  
When at wine they were a-drinking,  
They tossed their glasses round and round  
And slighted Barbara Allen.

Oh she was taken so ill out  
That she 'd no more look on him ;  
Of all the letters he could send  
She declared she 'd never have him.

Oh he was taken very sick,  
Was ill unto the dying ;  
He tossed about upon his bed  
For Barbara Allen crying.

Then slowly, slowly, rose she up  
And slowly, gaed she to him,  
And slowly drew the curtain by :  
" Young man, I think you 're dying."

" Oh yes, I 'm sick, I 'm very sick,  
My heart is at the breaking ;  
One kiss or two from thy sweet lips  
Would save me from the dying."

" Oh mind you not, young man," she said,  
" When you sat in the tavern,  
You made the healths go round and round  
And slighted Barbara Allen ? "

Then slowly, slowly she rose up,  
And slowly, slowly left him,  
And sighing said she could not stay  
Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gone a mile from town  
When she heard the death-bell ringing ;  
And every knell that death-bell gave  
Was woe to Barbara Allen.

"O mother, mother, make my bed,  
 And make it soft and narrow ;  
 Since my true love died for me to-day,  
 I 'll die for him to-morrow."

(c) BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY.

Collected by Miss Williams, who, however, failed to give her source for it.

In . . . town where I was born  
 There was a fair maid dwelling  
 Made every youth cry, Welaway :  
 Her name was Barbara Allen.

All in the merry month of May,  
 When the green buds were a-swelling,  
 Young Jemmy Groves on his deathbed lay,  
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent this man unto her then  
 To the town where she was dwelling :  
 "You must come to my master dear,  
 If your name be Barbara Allen.

"For death is printed on his face,  
 And o'er his heart is stealing ;  
 Then haste away to comfort him,  
 O lovely Barbara Allen."

"Though death is printed on his face,  
 And o'er his heart is stealing,  
 Yet little better shall he be  
 For bonnie Barbara Allen."

Then slowly, slowly rose she up  
 And slowly came she to him,  
 And all she said when she came there  
 Was, "Young man, I think you 're dying.

He turned his face unto her straight,  
 With deadly sorrow sighing ;  
 "O lovely maid, come pity me,  
 I 'm on my deathbed lying."

"If on your deathbed you do lie,  
 What needs the tale you 're telling ?  
 I cannot keep you from your death ;  
 Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall  
As deathly pangs he fell in.  
"Adieu, adieu unto you all ;  
Adieu to Barbara Allen !"

As she was walking o'er the fields  
She heard the bell a-tolling,  
And every stroke did seem to say  
"Unworthy Barbara Allen."

She turned her body round about  
And spied the corpse a-coming.  
"Lay down, lay down the corpse," she said,  
"That I may look upon him."

With scornful eyes she looked down,  
Her cheeks with laughter swelling,  
While all her friends cried out amain,  
"Unworthy Barbara Allen !"

When he was dead and in his grave  
Her heart was struck with sorrow.  
"O mother, mother, make my bed,  
For I shall die to-morrow.

"Hard-hearted creature him to slight  
Who loved me so dearly ;  
Oh, that I had been more kind to him  
When he was alive and near me."

She as she on her deathbed lay  
Begged to be buried by him,  
And sore repented of the day  
That she did e'er deny him.

"Farewell," she cried, "ye virgins all,  
And shun the fault I fell in ;  
Henceforth take warning from the falls  
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

(f) BARBARA ALLEN.

Sent in by C. H. Williams of Bollinger County. From his mother's singing.

'T was in the merry month of May,  
When all green buds were swelling,  
Sweet William on his deathbed lay  
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant down to town,  
 The town where she was dwelling,  
 Saying "Master's sick and sends for you,  
 If your name be Barbara Allen."

Slowly, slowly she rose up  
 And slowly she walked over ;  
 And as she drew the curtain by,  
 "Young man, I think you're a-dying.

"Yes, I am sick, and very sick,  
 And this will be my calling,  
 For none the better I'll ever be  
 If I don't get Barbara Allen."

"Yes, you are sick, and very sick,  
 And this will be your calling ;  
 For none the better you'll ever be,  
 For you won't get Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall  
 And bursted out a-crying

. . . . .  
 . . . . .

She was not more than a mile from town  
 When she heard the death-bell tolling ;  
 And every time it seemed to say,  
 "Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

Sweet William died on Saturday night  
 And Barbara died on Monday ;  
 And her mother for the love of them both  
 Died on Easter Sunday.

They buried sweet William in one churchyard  
 And Barbara in another,  
 And out of his grave there grew a rose  
 And out of hers a briar.

They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,  
 Where they could grow no higher,  
 And there they tied a true-love knot,  
 And the rose twined round the briar.

CHILD 155. — *Sir Hugh, or the Jew's Daughter.*

(a) THE JEW'S GARDEN.

(a) Collected by Miss Williams in Clinton County.

It rained all night and it rained all day,  
It rained all over the land ;  
The boys in our town went out to play,  
To toss their ball around, round, round,  
To toss their ball around.  
(Repeat thus the last line of each stanza.)

Sometimes they tossed their ball too high,  
And then again too low ;  
They tossed it into a Jew's garden,  
Where no one would dare to go.

Out came the Jew's daughter, out came the Jew's daughter,  
Out came the Jew's daughter all dressed,  
And said to the boy, " Little boy, come in ;  
And get your ball again."

" I won't come in, I shan't come in ;  
I 've often heard it said,  
Whoever goes into a Jew's garden  
Will never come out again."

The first she offered was a yellow apple,  
The next was a bright gold ring,  
The third was something so cherry red  
Which enticed the little boy in.

She took him by the lily-white hand  
And led him through a hall  
Into a cellar so dark and dim,  
Where no one could hear him call.

She pinned a napkin round his neck,  
She pinned it with a pin,  
And then she called for a tin basin  
To catch his life-blood in.

" Go place my prayer-book at my head,  
My bible at my feet,  
And if any of my playmates ask for me,  
Just tell them that I am asleep.

"Go place my bible at my feet,  
 My prayer-book at my head,  
 And if any of my playmates ask for me  
 Just tell them that I am dead."

(b) THE JEW'S GARDEN.

Another form found by Miss Williams in Clinton County. The "contributor learned it years ago in Kentucky. Does not know of it in print."

It rained all night and it rained all day,  
 It rained all over the land ;  
 Some boys and girls went out to play  
 And tossed their ball around, round, round,  
 And tossed their ball around. (Repeat as in (a).)

They tossed it high, they tossed it low,  
 They tossed it to and fro ;  
 They tossed it into a Jew's garden,  
 Where no one would dare to go.

But one more braver than the rest  
 Said, "I will climb the wall ;  
 I 'll go into the Jew's garden  
 And bring you back the ball."

He climbed it up, he climbed it down,  
 He climbed it and got in ;  
 But alas, alas for the brave little boy,  
 He never came back again !

They pinned a napkin round his neck,  
 They pinned it with a pin,  
 They called for a tin b-a-a-sin  
 To catch his life-blood in.

They dug his grave by a juniper tree,  
 They dug it wide and deep :  
 A marble slab at his head,  
 And his ball at his feet.

CHILD 200. — *The Gypsy Laddie.*

BLACK JACK DALEY.

Contributed by Finis Dean of Cedar County, whose mother used to sing it. Some of the stanzas having slipped his memory, he has supplied connections in parentheses.

Black Jack Daley a-crossing the sea,  
 He sang and he sang most beautifully ;  
 He sang and he made the green woods ring,  
 And he charmed the heart of a lady,  
 And he charmed the heart of a lady.

"Oh, will you leave your house and lands,  
Oh, will you leave your baby,  
Oh, will you leave your own true lover  
And go with Black Jack Daley? "

"Oh yes, I 'll leave my house and lands,  
Oh yes, I 'll leave my baby,  
Oh yes, I 'll leave my own true lover  
And go with Black Jack Daley.

(Own true lover finds it out.)

"Go saddle up my coal black pony  
And saddle her up in a hurry,  
I 'll ride all night and I 'll ride all day  
And I 'll overtake my lady."

(He overtakes her.)

"You take off those high-heeled shoes  
Made of Spanish leather,  
You put on these low-heeled shoes  
And we 'll walk the road together.

"Last night you lay on a warm feather bed  
By the side of me and the baby;  
To-night you 'll lie on the cold damp ground  
By the side of Black Jack Daley,  
By the side of Black Jack Daley."

CHILD 243. — *James Harris (The Demon Lover).*

(a) THE HOUSE CARPENTER.

Collected by Miss Williams. She has failed to record the source of this item.

"Well met, well met, my own true love,  
Well met, my own true love;  
I have come across the salt sea brine,  
And it 's all for the love of thee,  
It 's all for the love of thee.  
(Repeat so at the end of each stanza.)

"If you will leave your house carpenter  
And go along with me,  
I 'll take you where the grass grows green  
On the banks of the sweet Willee.

"I have six ships all sailing on the sea,  
All sailing for dry land,  
And if you come and go with me  
You may have them at your command."



She dressed her babe all neat and clean  
 And kissed it one, two three :  
 "Lie there, lie there, my sweet pretty babe,  
 Be your father's company."

She dressed herself all neat and clean,  
 All dressed in living green,  
 And all the cities that they went through  
 They took her to be the queen.

They had not been on board more than two weeks, —  
 I'm sure it was not three, —  
 Till this fair one began to weep,  
 And she wept most bitterly.

"Are you weeping for my house and land,  
 Or weeping for my store?  
 Or weeping for that house carpenter  
 That you never shall see any more?"

"I am neither weeping for your house nor land,  
 Nor weeping for your store,  
 But I am weeping for that house carpenter  
 That I never shall see any more.

"I am neither weeping for your house nor land,  
 Nor weeping for your store,  
 But I am weeping for that dear little babe  
 That I shall never see any more."

She had not been on board more than three weeks, —  
 I'm sure it was not four, —  
 Until the deck of the ship sprung a leak  
 And her weeping was heard no more.

(b) THE HOUSE CARPENTER.

Sent in by Mr. Johnson of Tuscumbia, who got it from — Stepp.

"Well met, well met, my own true love,  
 Well met, well met," said he;  
 "I've just returned from the salt briny sea,  
 And that's for the love of thee."

"If you have returned from the salt briny sea,  
 I'm sure you are to blame,  
 For I have married a house carpenter,  
 And I'm sure he's a nice young man."

“ Would you leave your house carpenter  
And go along with me ?  
I'll take you down yonder where the grass grows green  
On the banks of the sweet Wilee.”

“ If I was to leave my house carpenter  
And go along with thee,  
What have you got to maintain me upon,  
Or to keep me from slavery? ”

“ I've seven fine ships all on the sea,  
And seven on dry land,  
And a hundred and ten of the finest young men,  
And they are for to wait on thee.”

She dressed her babe so neat and clean  
And kisses gave it three :  
“ Lie there, lie there, you sweet little babe,  
And keep your father's company.”

She dressed herself in scarlet red,  
Her waist with maiden green,  
And every city that she rode through  
They took her to be some queen.

The lady had n't been on board more than two weeks, —  
I'm sure it was not three, —  
Till she set down all for to weep :  
She wept most bitterly.

“ What are you weeping about, my love ?  
Are you weeping about your fee ?  
Are you weeping about your house carpenter,  
That you left when we came upon the sea? ”

“ I'm not weeping about my house carpenter,  
Neither about your fee,  
But I'm weeping about my sweet little babe  
That we left when we came upon the sea.”

This lady had n't been on board more than three weeks, —  
I'm sure it was not four, —  
Till in the bottom of the boat sprung a leak,  
And her weeping was heard no more.

“ A curse, a curse to all sea-boatsmen,  
A curse, a curse ! ” said she ;  
“ You have taken me away from my sweet babe,  
And stole my life away.”

CHILD 277. — *The Wife wrapt in Wether's Skin.*

## DANDOO.

Sent in by Mr. Johnson, who secured it from — Cotton, Miller County.

There 's a little old man lives in the west,

*Dandoo, dandoo.*

There 's a little old man lives in the west,

*Town a town dingo.*

There 's a little old man lives in the west,

He 's got an old woman that 's not for the best.

*Town boy di wigel di digel di di do*

*Town clash town clingo.*

This little old man came with his plow :

" See, old woman, have you got dinner ready now? "

" See there 's a piece of cold corn-bread hanging on the shelf ;  
If you want any better go bake it yourself."

This little old man went out into his sheepfold,  
Downed an old sheep with a big long pole.

He hung his old sheep on two little pins  
And out of his skin he soon jerked him.

He hung his sheepskin on his old wife's back,  
And two little hickories went whick-it-a-whack.

Says she, " I 'll tell my father and all his kin  
You 's whippin' your wife with an old sheepskin."

Says he, " Tell your father and all of his kin  
I 's only a-dressin' the old sheepskin."

CHILD 278. — *The Farmer's Curs't Wife.*

## A WOMAN AND THE DEVIL.

Contributed by C. H. Williams of Bollinger County, in whose home it was sung ; but he cannot recall the opening stanza.

. . . . .  
. . . . .

" It 's neither you nor your oldest son,"

*Sing foll de roll de a.*

" It's neither you nor your oldest son,"

But your scolding old wife, she is the one,"

*Sing fol de rol, sing fol de rol, sing fol de roll de a.*

"Oh take her in welcome with all your heart;  
I hope you'll live happy and never part."

He set her down all for to rest ;  
She up with a stick and she hit him her best.

He went on till he came to the gate,  
He gave her a kick and said, "There's your place."

Ten little devils come all on a wire,  
She up with her foot and kicked nine in the fire.

Four little devils come rolling a ball :  
"Father, take us back or she'll kill us all !"

The old man in the kitchen, peeping out the cracks :  
"Yonder comes the old devil a-wagging her back !"

And now you see what a woman can do,  
She can out the old devil and her husband too !

*H. M. Belden.*